

Yankee Jewelry and Southern Gullibility.

"I came through Lynn, Boston, etc., to the little manufacturing village called N. E. Village, and learned something about making the *bojys* jewelry with which the country is flooded, either by peddlers or gift book enterprise. One company is making ear-drops of a composition called *oreide*, which will sell for gold, but is not worth as much as brass. The other company is manufacturing gold chains out of German silver, brass, or oreide. The process of making was interesting to me, and may be to others. I'll give it:

The links are cut from wire or plate, according to the kind of chain, and sometimes soldered before putting into a chain, and sometimes afterward. After it is linked, it is drawn through a machine to even it—boiled in vitriol water to take off the scales caused by heating—drawn through a limbering machine, and dipped in acid, to clean it, after which it is dipped in a solution of pure silver, and finally dipped in gold coloring—making a chain which they sell at the rate of \$12 to \$18 per dozen. This is gift-jewelry, which is marked "Lady's splendid gold chain, \$12," "Gent's guard chain, \$8," or "\$10," etc. The ear drops cost less, and are often marked higher."

These items come from the pen of a correspondent to the *New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture*; and may be regarded as a truthful statement of the case. It is a little humiliating to the Southerner to think that this spurious jewelry—this worthless *melange* of the baser metals with a specious gloss on the outside—has given a greater impetus to the book-trade with us than almost any thing else within the last few years. We would be glad to see this increased demand for books, if it really indicated a corresponding improvement of the reading appetite of our people; but unfortunately it shows no such thing. It marks the desire for speculation and empty show which is only too rife among the young men and women of our land. This is proven by the fact in many cases, that the buyer of the books does not wish and scarcely expects ever to read it, but is simply gambling for the jewelry.

The books, too, are gotten up usually in miserable style; and while the proprietors of Gift Book Enterprises propose to give the purchaser double "value received," he often makes one or two hundred per cent., perhaps, on the capital invested. We have no doubt hundreds and thousands of our young folks have been bit by their bargains. Indeed, we have seen boys who had run in a pretty heavy stock of these "Yankee notions," actually have a mock auction to get rid of them. The whole affair from beginning to end is a cheat, a swindle, that is supported to a great extent by Southern gullibility.

Again, if we look at this "bogus jewelry" in its bearings upon the security, harmony and happiness of Southern society, it is equally an evil. It cultivates a taste and tendency for gambling and other immoral speculation. Peddlers find it no inconsiderable source of their profits while traveling among us; and they are generally regarded by our wisest and best citizens as a public nuisance. They certainly, if they do nothing worse, take no little trade out of the hands, especially of our country merchants, who are our neighbors and friends, and *vertebra* of the backbone of the country. These men justly feel that they have claims to the custom of their acquaintances, infinitely superior to those of strolling adventurers, and it may be, abolitionists in disguise. The patronage given to these latter, then, has a direct tendency to estrange those who have common interests, and who, as they live in the same neighborhood, should be bound together by ties of social good feeling and sympathy. We might pursue these thoughts further; but we have said enough to set each reader to thinking for himself; and we hope the result will be an abandonment of the practice, if ever followed, of selling his birthright of common-sense for the poor portage of a "Yankee notion" that thrives only as a "practical joke" upon our gullibility.—*Yorkville Enquirer*.

In one of the down east seaports lived a sailor noted for his great "power of swearing," and one day last spring he was observed by some persons to fall "broadside to," on a small patch of ice in the street, which had resisted the ameliorating influences of the season. The persons who were passing stopped, expecting to hear some gigantic oaths from Jack under such trying circumstances. The old salt got up very coolly, however, and taking a good look at the treacherous ice, merely exclaimed: "Well, old fellow, the Fourth of July will fix you, anyhow."

"Where are you going?" said a white gentleman to an elderly one in a young cravat whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock. "I am going to Heaven, my son. I have been on the way there for eighteen years." "Well, good bye, old fellow, if you have been towards Heaven eighteen years, and got no nearer the Arkansais, I'll take another route."

If you were binding an Indian with a cord, what single word in the English language would you use to express to him what you were about? Ingenuity. (Indian you I tie.)

A Father's Advice to his Son.

BY GOETHE.

The time draws nigh, dear John, that I must go the way from which none returns. I cannot take thee with me, and leave thee in a world where good counsel is not superabundant. No one is born wise. Time and experience teach us to separate the grain from the chaff. I have seen more of the world than thou. It is not all gold, dear son, that glitters. I have seen many a star from heaven fall, and many a staff on which men have leaned break. Therefore I give thee this advice, the result of my experience:

Attach not thy heart to any transitory thing. The truth comes not to us, dear son; we must seek for it. That which you see scrutinize carefully; and with regard to things unseen and eternal, rely on the word of God. Search no one so closely as thyself. Within us dwells the judge who never deceives, and whose voice is more to us than the applause of the world, and more than all the wisdom of the Egyptians and Greeks. Resolve, my son, to do nothing to which this voice is opposed. When you think and project, strike on your forehead and ask for his counsel. He speaks at first low, and lisps as an innocent child; but if you honor his innocence he gradually loosens his tongue and speaks more distinctly.

Despise not any religion; it is easy to despise, but it is much better to understand. Uphold truth when thou canst, and be willing for her sake to be hated; but know that thy individual cause is not the cause of truth, and beware that they are not confounded. Do good for thy own satisfaction, and care not what follows. Cause no gray hairs to any one; nevertheless, for the right even gray hairs are to be disregarded. Help and give willingly when thou hast, and think no more of thyself for it, and if thou hast nothing let thy hands be ready with a drink of cold water, and esteem thyself for that no less. Say not always what thou knowest, but know always what thou sayest. Not the apparent devout, but the truly devout man respect, and go in his ways. A man who has the fear of God in his heart is like the sun that shines and warms, though it does not speak. Do that which is worthy of recompense, and ask none. Reflect daily upon death, and seek the life which is beyond with a cheerful courage; and further, go not out of the world without having testified by some good deed thy love and respect for the Author of Christianity.

INVENTION OF SUSPENSION BRIDGES BY THE CHINESE 1600 YEARS AGO.—The most remarkable evidence of the mechanical science and skill of the Chinese at this early period is to be found in their suspended bridges, the invention of the Han dynasty. According to the concurrent testimony of their historical and geographical writers, Shang-leang, the commander-in-chief of the army under Keouton, the first of the Hans, undertook and completed the formation of roads through the mountainous province Shenise to the west of the capital. Hitherto its lofty hills and deep valleys had rendered communication difficult and circuitous. With a body of 100,000 laborers he cut passages over the mountains, throwing the removed soil into the valleys, and where this was not sufficient to raise the road to the required height, he constructed bridges which rested on pillars or abutments. In other places he conceived and accomplished the daring project of suspending a bridge from one mountain to another across a deep chasm. These bridges which are called by the Chinese writers, very appropriately, "flying bridges," and represented to be numerous at the present day, are sometimes so high that they cannot be traversed without alarm. One still existing in Shenise stretched 400 feet from mountain to mountain, over a chasm of 500 feet. Most of these flying bridges are so wide, that four horsemen can ride on them abreast, and balustrades are placed on each side to protect travellers. It is by no means improbable (as M. Pauthier suggests) that as the missionaries in China made known the fact, more than a century and a half ago, that the Chinese had suspended bridges, and that many of them were made of iron, the hint may have been taken from thence for similar constructions by European engineers.—*History of China*.

SCHOOL SCENE.—"Boy, you seem to be quite smart—altogether too smart for this school. Can you tell me how many six black beans are?" "Yes, sir, half a dozen." "Well, how many are half a dozen white beans?" "Six." "Tremendous smart boy! Now tell me how many white beans there are in six black ones?" "Half a dozen, if you skin 'em!" In consequence of this answer, the scholar came near being skinned himself.

Bishop Burnett, once preaching before Charles II, was much warned by his subject, and, uttering a religious truth in a very earnest manner, with great vehemence, struck his clenched hand upon the desk, and cried out: "Who dares deny this?" "Faith," observed the king, in key not quite so loud as the preacher—"nobody, I should think, that is within reach of that great fist of yours."

John Hancock.

Among the remarkable men whose names will forever stand part and parcel of "Declaration of Independence," Hancock, whose bold signature strikes the eye, was, perhaps, all things considered, one of the most remarkable. He put most to risk, so far as fortune and its appliances were concerned, for he was the richest man in the country. He inherited the business and fortune of a millionaire merchant uncle. When he was first elected to the provincial Legislature, Adams said to a friend, Boston has done a wise thing to-day—she's made that young man's fortune her own; and the prophecy was literally fulfilled, for it was all devoted to her public use.

The contrast between him and Adams was very great; Adams was poor, and held in great contempt the style and show of fortune. Hancock kept a magnificent equipage, such as is not known in America: his apparel was embroidered with gold and silver; he rode with six beautiful bays—he was fond of dancing, music, routs, parties, rich wine, dinners, and all that class of things, called elegant pleasures.

How he estimated the goods of fortune and their concomitants, in comparison with the cause of liberty, is illustrated by the following anecdote:

During the siege of Boston, Gen. Washington consulted Congress as to the propriety of bombarding the town. Hancock was President, and, after the reading of Washington's letter, a motion was made to go into committee of the whole, to enable Mr. Hancock to give his opinion, as he was deeply interested—all his property being in houses and real estate. He left the chair, and addressed the Chairman as follows: "It is true, sir, that nearly all I have in the world is in the town of Boston; but if the expulsion of the British troops, and the liberties of my country, demand that they be burned to ashes, issue the order, and let the *canon blaze away*."

Old Job Dundee was at one time one of the most popular darkies in the city. He was a kind of a patriarch among the colored population, and universally liked by the white folks. About the time that he stood at the head of the New street church, he was subpoenaed before Squire (now Judge) Wiseman, to testify to the character of a negro who was charged with petty larceny.

"Well, Job," said the Squire, "what do you know of the character of the defendant?"

"Well, I knows considerable 'bout de colored individual, and I never fin's him guilty of only one 'fence," replied Job, with great reverence.

"Well, what is the nature of the offence you allude to?"

"Why de nigger am bigoted."

"He's what?"

"Bigoted, bigoted—doesn't you know what dat am?"

"Why no," replied the Squire, who is much of a wag. "Will you define the term, Job?"

"Sartainly, sartainly, I does. To be bigoted, a colored pussion must know too much for one nigger, and not enough for two niggers."—*Cincinnati Times*.

JUVENILE SIMPLICITY.—A friend says the following story is a fact. Two boys of tender years, who went by the names of Tom and Jack, became members of a district school in a New-England town. On making their appearance, the teacher called them up before the assembled school, and proceeded to make certain interrogatories concerning their names, age, &c. "Well, my fine lad," said the teacher to the first one, "what is your name?" "Tom," promptly answered the juvenile.

"Tom!" said the teacher—"that don't sound well. You should have said *Thomas*." Now, my son, (turning to the other boy, whose expectant face suddenly lighted up with the satisfaction of a newly-comprehended idea)—"now, then, you tell me what your name is!"

"Jack-as?" replied the lad, in a tone of confident decision.

The teacher was taken with a sudden fit of coughing, and merely motioned the lads to take their seats.—*Hartford Times*.

ROSE BUGS.—Among the fruit destroyers mentioned in the "Pests of the Farm" are rosebugs, which have within a few years prodigiously increased in number, attacking at random various kinds of plants in swarms and have become notorious for extensive and deplorable ravages. The grape vine in particular, the cherry, plum, and apple trees, have annually suffered by their depredations; many other fruit trees and shrubs, garden vegetables and corn, and even the trees of the forest and the grass of the fields have been laid under contribution by these indiscriminate feeders. They come forth from the ground during the second week in June, and remain from thirty to forty days. When they appear as bugs they may be crushed, scalded, or burned to deprive them of life, for they are not affected by any of the applications usually found destructive to other insects. They are of a yellowish white color, with a tinge of blue towards the hinder extremity.

A little girl asked her sister, "What was chaos, that papa reads about?" The older child replied, "Why, it is a great pile of nothing, and no place to put it in."

Colors in Ladies' Dresses.

Incongruity may be frequently observed in the adoption of colors without reference to their accordance with the complexion or stature of the wearer. We continually see a light blue bonnet and flowers surrounding a sallow countenance, or a pink opposed to one of a glowing red; a pale complexion associated with a canary or lemon yellow, or one of delicate red and white rendered almost colorless by the vicinity of deep red. Now, if the lady with the sallow complexion had worn a transparent white bonnet; or if the lady with the glowing red complexion had lowered it by means of a bonnet of a deeper red color; if the pale lady had improved the cadaverous hue of her countenance by surrounding it with pale green, which, by contrast, would have sufficed it with a delicate pink hue; or had the face

Whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on, been arrayed in a light blue, or light green, or in a transparent white bonnet, with blue or pink flowers on the inside—how different, and how much more agreeable would have been the impression on the spectator! How frequently, again, do we see the dimensions of a tall and *embonpoint* figure magnified to almost Broddignagian proportions by a white dress, or a small woman reduced to Lilliputian size by a black dress! Now, as the optical effect of white is to enlarge objects, and that of black to diminish them, if the large woman had been dressed in black, the small woman in white, the apparent size of each would have approached the ordinary stature, and the former would not have appeared a giantess, or the latter a dwarf.—*Mrs. Morfield in Art Journal*.

YOUR BABIES NOT MY BABIES.—About thirty-five years ago, there resided in the town of Hebron, in this county, a certain Dr. T., who became very much enamored of a beautiful young lady, who resided in the same town. In due course of time they were to be married. The doctor was a strong and decided Presbyterian, and his lady love was a strong and decided Baptist. They were sitting together one evening talking of their approaching nuptials, when the doctor remarked—

"I am thinking my dear of two events which I shall number amongst the happiest of my life."

"And pray what may that be, Dr.?" remarked the lady.

"One is the hour when I shall call you wife for the first time."

"And the other?"

"It is when we shall present our first born for baptism."

"What, sprinkled?"

"Yes, my dear, sprinkled."

"Never shall a child of mine be sprinkled."

"Every child of mine shall be sprinkled."

"They shall be, ha?"

"Yes, my love."

"Well, sir, I can tell you then, that your babies won't be my babies. So, good night, sir."

The lady left the room, and the doctor left the house. The sequel to this true story was, that the doctor never married, and the lady is an old maid.

THE FARMER.—What occupation is there upon earth that is more conducive to health, independence, long life and happiness than the farmer's? Engaged as he is in a pursuit in which the first human being that ever was on earth was engaged, for when God created Adam and placed him in the garden of Eden he commanded him to till the earth, and the farmer is engaged in the same occupation. The farmer who causes one spire of grass to grow where there was none, does more than the greatest merchant that ever lived, for in the mercantile business it is only exchanging goods from one hand to another, and of course he brings nothing into the world, while on the other hand, the farmer is continually causing vegetation to grow.

Again, the farmer's lot is the most contented of any; he who raises his own bread by the sweat of his brow, has it honestly; he does not wring it from the hand of his neighbor by an improper or false story.

Why is it that public men, when they retire from public life, choose the cultivation of the soil as their employment? It is because it is the most healthy and pleasing occupation of life.—*Norway Advertiser*.

WHY IS THE OCEAN SALT?—The saltiness of the Ocean has usually been regarded as a special provision of nature to guard against certain inconveniences which might otherwise have resulted. The presence of much saline matter in solution depresses the freezing point of the water many degrees, thereby diminishing the dangerous facility with which fields of ice are produced in the polar regions. It has been said that the salt is useful in checking evaporation, and also that it aids in preventing corruption of the water by the accumulation of animal and vegetable remains. Without for a moment questioning the incidental benefits from the circumstances under discussion, and which in one case at least, are quite obvious, it may be considered more as an inevitable result of the present disposition of things, than a special arrangement expressly intended to fulfil a certain object.

HABITS OF A MAN OF BUSINESS.—A sacred regard to the principles of justice forms the basis of every transaction, and regulates the conduct of the upright man of business. He is strict in keeping his engagements; does nothing carelessly or in a hurry; employs nobody to do what he can as easily do himself; keeps everything in its proper place; leaves nothing undone which ought to be done, and which circumstances permit him to do; keeps his designs and business from the view of others; is prompt and decisive with his customer, and does not overtrade for his capital; prefers short credit to long ones, and cash to credit transactions, at all times when they can be advantageously made, either in buying or selling, and small profits with little risk, to the chance of better gains with more hazard. He is clear and explicit in all his bargains; leaves nothing to the memory which can, and ought to be, committed to writing; keeps copies of all important letters which he sends away, and has every letter and invoice belonging to his business titled, classed and put away. He never suffers his desk to be confused by many papers lying upon it; is always at the head of his business, well knowing, if he leaves it, it will leave him; holds it as a maxim that he whose credit is suspected is not safe to be trusted, and is constantly examining his book, and sees through all his affairs as far as care and attention enable him; balances, regularly at stated times, and then makes out and transmits all his accounts current to his customers and constituents, both at home and abroad; avoids, as much as possible, all sorts of accommodations in money matters and law suits, where there is the least hazard; is economical in his expenditures, always living within his income; keeps a memorandum book, with a pencil in his pocket, in which he writes every little particular relative to appointments, addresses, and petty cash matters; is cautious how he becomes security for any person, and is generous only when urged by motives of humanity.

HABITS OF THE NICE YOUNG MAN.—Attends evening parties—and hands the muffins round. Smiles if he burns his fingers with the kettle. Plays the flute. Sings "Do you love me now as then?" Parts his hair in the middle. Takes an umbrella with him to an evening party. Wears goshaws after dark. Has a secret passion for guel. Writes necrotics, and contributes to Ladies' Albums. Carls his whiskers. Is the "Hon. Sec." to the "Ladies Benevolent Mangle Distribution Society." Keeps a cat, and a regular account of his daily expenses. His greatest pleasure is to attend a meeting at Exeter Hall, and his next greatest pleasure is to have his name mentioned "among those whom we observed on the platform," &c. &c. His fondest tie, next to an aged grandmother, is that of his white neckcloth. Can hum the overture to *Der Freischutz*. Carries a pincushion, and accidentally drops about with him and is never unprovided with a scent bottle, for fear of accidents. Goes out in the rain to fetch a cab. Doesn't smoke. Helps Mamma's shawl on with the grace of one of Holmes' shopmen. Has his hair and hankerchief full of scents, and it is a pity the same cannot be said of his head. Holds a skein of silk with exemplary patience—turns over the leaves of music with great digital skill—reads novels in a clear secretary-like voice—laughs *affettuoso*—lisps *moderato*—jokes with the old maids *allegro*—quotes poetry *penseroso*—runs ladies' errands *prestissimo*—and makes himself *generalto usufulo*. Such are the habits of the Nice Young Man.—*Punch*.

GOD WITH THE RIGHT.—We have one ennobling idea of God's presence, and that is, in his sustaining the right, and making it triumphant. Here is a lesson to man in all time. God's cheering presence is with the right, while his frown and his judgement await the wrong. No matter what the world may say; no matter what its opinion, custom, fashion, or law may be to-day, to-morrow, next week, or next year;—if these shall clash with the truth, and give countenance to the wrong, God's blessing shall be upon all righteous opposition to them. Here is the brightest ray of encouragement that shines upon the path of true reformer from the sun of the upper heaven! Long since, the world, with all its error, received conviction enough of its power to adopt, at least in word, that well known maxim—

"Great is truth, and it will prevail."

A notorious thief, beginning to be tired of his life, confessed the robbery he was charged with. The Judge hereupon directed the jury to find him guilty upon his own confession. The jury having laid their heads together, brought him in not guilty. The judge bid them consider it again; but they still brought it in not guilty. The judge asked the reason. The foreman replied, "there is reason enough, for we all know him to be one of the greatest liars in the world."

A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.—A Turkish paper says "a soul-animating rose-bush, bud and blossom yielding, in the happy Imperial Rose-garden, has exhibited signs of vegetation." The Sultan, in plain English prose, means, the Sultan is about to be blest with a young one.

TRUE HAPPINESS.—Let a man have all the world can give him, he is still miserable, if he has a grovelling, fettered, undevout mind. Let him have his gardens, his fields, his woods, his lawns, for grandeur, plenty, ornament, and gratification, while at the same time, God is not in all his thoughts; and let another have neither field nor garden; let him look at nature with an enlightened mind—a mind which can see and adorn the Creator and his works, can consider them as demonstrations of his power, his wisdom, his goodness, and in all his poverty, he is far happier than the other in his riches. The one is but little higher than a beast, the other but a little lower than an angel.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.—Without motives for exertion, without labor to occupy, and its rewards to stimulate us, what were life but the performance of animal functions common to us and to "the beasts that perish." If we had harvest without seed-time; if nature spread before us all and always the spontaneous products of the earth; if food and clothing were the gift of her bounty, instead of being the result of human industry, we might still walk erect in the image of God; but we should look around upon the fair face of nature, almost equally indifferent to this work of his hand and to the great purposes of life.—*Hon. Lewis Cass*.

THE ALLEGED SLAVE PLOT.—The excitement in Princess Anne and Norfolk Counties, Va., growing out of the late alleged insurrectionary plot, is subsiding. Dick Ryan, the suspected leader, has been arrested, together with eighteen or twenty other slaves, and a white man is said to be implicated in the manufacture of pikes for the slaves.

THE MUSE IN THE BUSHES.—A down east poet, in one of his desperate efforts, thus eloquently sets forth his choice of life:—

Some poets theme is the foreign clime,
Or a life in the raging sea,
But a life in the woods, with the country bloods,
And a TATER patch for me.

An exchange says that putting a stop to a woman's tongue, is a "difficult punctuation." Our devil says that a pretty girl's arm, form a parenthesis, and when he was enclosed in one, he felt as if he should never again be material to the sense.

Father, it tells here about the illuminated MSS. What were they lighted with?"

The father hesitated, and when the question was repeated, answered desperately, "With the light of other days, my son!"

An Irishman who had jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, and as a reward for his services, received a sixpence. He looked first at the sixpence and then at him, and at last exclaimed, "By jabsers I'm over paid for the job!"

"Mary, my love," said a not very attentive husband to his wife at the dinner-table, "Shall I help you to a piece of the heart?" "I believe, said she, "that a piece of heart was all I ever got." There was a commotion among the dishes.

Mens' lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening, or like the summer, aglow with promise, and the autumn, rich with golden sheaves, where good works and deeds have reaped on the field.

It is about as hopeless a task to get a rich woman to live a life of common sense, as it is to get a rich man into the kingdom of Heaven.

A sick man was told that nothing could do him any good but a quart of catnip. "Then I must die," said he; "I don't hold but a pint."

One ought every day to hear a song, to read a little poetry, to see a good picture, and, if it is possible, to say a few reasonable words.—*Goethe*.

Dogs are said to speak with their tails.—Would it be proper to call a short tailed dog a "stump orator!"

Jean Paul says love may slumber in a lady's heart, but it always dreams.

NO HUMBUG!
Fifty Cents
WILL GET YOUR LIKENESS AT
MILLWER'S GALLERY
NOT A "LITTLE BIT OF A THING,"
BUT A GOOD LIKENESS,
In a Good Case.
CHILDREN UNDER 6 YEARS OF AGE
Double Price.
CALL SOON, AS HIS STAY IS LIMITED.
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August 14, 1860